

The Evening World

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The Day of New Leaves.



What became of the virtuous resolutions of Jan. 1 last? Where are the new leaves of yester-year?

To the man with a sensitive conscience and a fair memory the recurrence of the anniversary of good intentions is wont to bring some compunctions.

Perhaps as profitable a resolution as the average citizen can make is to be economical of his time. Industry is the best corrector of bad habits.

A year's odds and ends of time carefully saved can be made highly useful. In them is enough leisure ordinarily thrown away to learn a new language; to become familiar with the elements of some profession; to acquaint yourself with the duties of the man just ahead of you in the office; to acquire a specialty in sport or art or music or mechanics; to cultivate a fad; to write a book.

Enlist in a military company or in a crusade against noise and dirty streets. Join a college settlement or a civic organization for the reform of every abuse in sight. The town is full of opportunities to put spare time to profitable use.

Get busy; that is the main thing. New Year's resolutions may then be left to take care of themselves.

Railroad Speed in 1905.

The new fast mail service to the West established yesterday clips twelve hours off the running time from New York to the Pacific coast. The new schedule virtually saves a business day. Three and a half days from tidewater to tidewater is a remarkable feat in American railroading.

The year just past has been generally notable for such feats. It brought forth a twenty-four-hour train from Chicago to New Orleans, the "Cuban Special" of the Illinois Central. It furnished two regular eighteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago. It added to the number of five-hour trains between New York and Boston. Four-hour trains are feasible on this run; will 1906 bring them? The Harriman special, in spite of its failure to beat transcontinental records, was an important attempt at fast railroading.

The year was a record one for the purchase of new equipment. In the United States and Canada the vast sum of \$260,000,000 was spent for new cars and locomotives, exclusive of those constructed in railroad shops. The development of competing electric traction was a feature of the year's railroad progress. The new year will see the electrification of the suburban service of many of the steam roads having New York terminals.

Electrical Fire Hazards.

An electric car ablaze from defective insulation is not a novel sight. The year 1903 witnessed 241 fires of this nature in Manhattan and the Bronx. Nor is it a rare thing for buildings to break out in flames because of defective wiring. In the same year eighty-six fires had this origin.

Yet the occurrence of such fires in pairs is enough of a novelty to occasion comment. Almost at the very moment the Van Rensselaer home was burning, Harlem was lighted up by the fire which consumed a Subway car on the viaduct across Manhattan Valley. On Saturday another burning Subway car gave additional proof of the seriousness of this peril.

Where does the blame lie? Must electrical science confess its limitations in its inability to safeguard the travelling public, as well as citizens in their homes, from these fire risks? Is the inventor at fault, or does the trouble lie with the construction and installation?

"For Weal or Woe."

By J. Campbell Cory.



NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

By I. E. Cobb.

SMALL towns have personally conducted New Years. On the evening before a watch service is held at the church, where people go at 8.30 and sit on a hard pew seat until midnight and sing hymns that are appropriate and gloomy, such as "Hark, from the Tomb," and listen while the minister calls attention to the large mortality record among the sinful during the past twelve months, and makes extensive predictions of an under-taking nature for the future. This is calculated to exhilarate the man, who has just gone over the new 1906 patent medicine almanac, and who has discovered that most of the symptoms described therein are his. Then all those who expect to lead a better life raise the right hand, generally with the fingers crossed. At 12 P. M. the whistle of the planing-mill and the one on the round-house let loose and everybody goes home wadded to the tapis with resolutions and good intentions. On or about Jan. 10 falling weather sets in, with sleet and backsliding, and Hades gets a fresh supply of paving material.

Medium-sized towns play the game a different way. All the first families give functions, known as New Year's receptions, because it wouldn't sound nice to call them souper parties or pickling bees. Parties of gentlemen go from house to house sipping up liquid refreshment to beat the blighting pads. Eventually the tourist detects the Western Hemisphere in the act of trying to rise up and butt him in the face. So he calls for a cab, and



two cabs come, driven by twin brothers, and he gets into both of them and rides home with his feet out of all the windows. Thereafter for some hours the earth is void and without form. He wakes up next morning with a new taste in his mouth and is convinced that he must have swapped palates with a stranger.

But little old New York has the dandiest idea of all. Persons who are satisfied with table d'hôte wine and a leather findings sandwich three hundred and sixty-four and a fourth nights in the year are taken on the night before New Year's with a strong hankering for red-head duck and large, cold quarts. Hall bedroom dwellers will be content with nothing less than front tables in those restaurants where the waiters own their own dress suits. The water wagon finds itself entitled to damages on the ground of desertion. At 11 o'clock a person with unfrequented breath is as rare on Broadway as an Irish proprietor of a delicatessen store, and that's the rarest thing in the habitable globe. Along toward midnight 400,000 celebrants turn out, vainly trying to reconcile flat feet to a round and tossing world, and blow horns and smash hats and see the skyscrapers kissing each other across the street and watch each stationary mounted policeman revolving himself into a merry-go-round, heavily peopled and travelling at high speed.

The attack fortunately lasts only one night, leaving the patient pale, weak and full of reminiscent hiccoughs. There's nothing like a hiccough for bringing up memories of New Year's night on Broadway, unless it is the depleted condition of the victim's wallet.

THE FUNNY PART.

We are supposed to celebrate our holidays in a rational manner.

A Unique Collection.

ONE of the greatest of living English jockeys has a most remarkable collection of tributes from admirers, unknown and otherwise. It contains, among other things, a large number of letters, telegrams and postcards, and a large number of letters, telegrams and postcards, and a large number of letters, telegrams and postcards.

Travel on Ocean Floor.

UNLIKE some round fishes, the flat species keep to the bottom of the sea and move along it, travelling great distances. Records have been obtained showing that plaice have travelled eighty-eight miles in twenty-eight days, at an average of not less than three miles a day.

Letters from the People

Some Universally Observed.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there a national holiday in the United States? P. H. DUSCHUUS.

Too Much Relation-in-Law.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Nine years ago I married. From the first my relatives-in-law have made it unpleasant for me. A short time ago my husband was hurt while at work and they have told every one they meet it was my fault. Now he is home and they say he does not get enough to eat and if they had him home he would be big and fat in three weeks. Let them

talk! I do not care what they say to any one who knows me, but what would a stranger think? Can readers advise me what to do?
K. L.

Missouri Says "Show Me."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a Missourian spending a few months in and around New York. I have nothing but praise for your people's city; but there is one point that puzzles me, and I should be glad if readers would enlighten me. I find your city jammed with small, inconvenient, cramped, high-priced apartments and flats. The bulk of the population live in these and in equally cramped board-

ing-house rooms. Your suburbs are the most beautiful in America and the easiest reached. Rents in most of them are very low. So is board. Then, why do your people live in tiny flats and hallways when for less money they can get large, airy, beautiful quarters almost as accessible to their places of business? "I am from Missouri. You'll have to show me."

OLIVE STREETEER.
Our Consular Service.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In nearly every country men are trained from youth to be diplomats just as they would be trained to be doc-

tors or lawyers. In America the keeper of a crossroads store, who doesn't know diplomacy from a dodo bird, gets the job of consul to some important foreign city. No wonder we are behind-hand in diplomacy and that foreigners laugh at our crin-whiskered diplomats! Why not let Uncle Sam furnish a consular college of some real value?

What Was the Gain?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
An article is brought for \$2. The article is lost and \$2 is recovered. The same article is found and again bought for \$3. How much was gained by the deal, readers?
B. H. R.

Answers to Questions

CURLY

WONDERFULLY SPIRITED AND INTERESTING. A LIVING ROMANCE OF WILD NATIVES AND WIDE DISTANCES. A Tale of the Arizona Desert By Roger Pocock

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jim McAlmont, a cowboy, lives with his wife and child on a small ranch in Arizona. He is a man of many adventures and has a reputation for being a "bad man." One day he is called to a party at a nearby town. He goes and finds that the party is a gathering of cowboys and ranchmen. They are all talking about a man named Curly, who is said to be a "bad man" and a "killer." Jim is curious to hear more about Curly, so he goes to the town and finds out that Curly is a man who has killed many people and is now on the run. Jim decides to go and find Curly, and he sets out on a journey into the desert.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Flying Hospital.

CAPTAIN MCALMONT, away north on the trail, pulled up at a bend of the hill.
"Doc," he called out to the man with the led horse, "jest you hitch that corral of mine to the tail of this rig. That's right, my son; now find out if Buck stays at the skyline or goes buttin' straight back to the ranch."
"All right, Cap."
When he was gone, Curly rucked up the canvas ground-sheet, climbed out of bed, and nestled against her father's side on the seat.
"Havin' a bad time?" he asked, as he drove on.
"Sure."
"You heard what I told to Buck?"
"Buck's gawn back to betray the outfit."
"So I reckon."
Curly got her father's near arm around her, shivering while she looked all round at the dusky hills, up to the

red of the sunset. Then she listened to the thud of Doc's horse as he galloped back to report.
"Cap," says the man, "Buck's gawn straight away to the ranch."
"That's good!" McAlmont chuckled.
"You see, Doc, I've sent Buck to lead that sheriff's posse to Holy Cross. We've got to work to-night, and ain't bangering none for their company. D'you know the Jim Crow Mine?"
"I guess that's the old shaft a mile this side of Grave City?"
"Correct. Now, you lope off to the boys we left in camp at Las Aguas. Tell Stanley he's second in command now. He's to round up his boys, head 'em down, and drive 'em swift to the Jim Crow Mine. Now repeat my aw-bahs."
Doc repeated the orders.
"Now," said the Captain, "ride!"
Doc started off on the dead run, and for a while Curly watched his figure slopping away into the blue mists of dusk. The night was falling fast.
"Po' Buck," she whispered.
"I'm sorry, too," says McAlmont; "sooner or later he had to be a skunk, and behave as such."
"He's said," says Curly. "I heard him die just now, and he did love me so hard."
"The trail is clearing ahead for you, my girl."
"I'm sort of tired," she answered.
"You'll rest to-night."
"Father, when you was talking with Jim outside the shack I was awake; I heard all what was said, but couldn't understand. Jim wanted suthin' fearful bad. What was it he wanted, dad?"
"Wall, now, if that don't beat all! You jest got ears like a lil' fox! And didn't I act plumb good and tame with that Jim boy?"
"Which you shorely did. Fancy you taking all that warlike and never even shooting his laigs. You're getting better'n better every day."
"I was good, that's a fact. You see, I nacherally couldn't lose my temper without disturbing you with my gun-talk. Besides, I jest can't help loving that Jim. You want him, Curly?"
"Sure. I don't know what's coming over me the way I feels at that man. It seems as though my heart was pitchin' and buckin' like a mean hawse to get at Jim. D'you think it's this wound that tears my heart—is it 'cause I'm so sick?"
"It's worse nor that, my girl. You've fallen in love."
"Does that mean I got to marry



A Voice Called Out of the Dark: "Throw Up Your Hands."
Curly down in her nest. He told me after that he felt lonesome and scared, with all his nerves jumping for fear there was something worse than usual wrong. McAlmont stopped the team and laid

more belated pilgrims behind. The light had faded, the stars were beginning to ride herd on the Milky Way, and I felt a sort of dumb yearning to find McAlmont. An hour later, scouting swift and cautious up the Grave City road, I saw a lantern bobbing high up in the hills. That must be a bit, I thought, to lure the marshal's posse into some robbers' den. I was a little slow and sang my simple range songs to show it was only me, one harmless person. A voice called out of the dark, "Throw up your hands!"
"Up went my paws. 'Hello, boys!' I shouted. 'Is this the inquiry office?'
"An article is brought for \$2. The article is lost and \$2 is recovered. The same article is found and again bought for \$3. How much was gained by the deal, readers?
B. H. R.